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THE
L O N D O N
S P Y.

For the *Month of January*, 1700.

The Second Volume.

PART III.



LONDON, Printed and Sold by *J. How*, in the *Ram-Head-Inn*
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All Written by the same Author.



THE LONDON SPY.



As a Fair *Town-Miss*, of a Twelve-Months standing, when she has surfeited the Appetite, of those *Debauchees* who are always ranging after Novelty; and render'd herself *Contemptible*, by being too *Common*, puts on a dark Fore-top, blacks her Eye-browes, changes the Mode of her Dressing, her Lodging, and her Name, and sets up for a *New Creature*; so we, for fear of falling under the same Fate, have thought fit to vary a little from our Former Method, in hopes to preserve the same Likening to our Design, which we believe the World has hitherto had, from the Encouragement it has given us to continue our Undertaking. Our chief Alteration will be to Treat more upon *Men and Manners*; opening the *Frauds and Deceits* practicable in many Trades, also of the sundry sorts of *Conversation*; With *Moral Reflections* on the same. *Characters of Trades*, and those that follow 'em. And *Remarks* upon all Occurrences worth Notice. In pursuance to which Method, I shall begin with *Victuallers*, showing their usual *Rise* and means of *Success*. And also shall lay open their *Pride, Savciness, and Ingratitude*; which either most Men have, may, or will find, by their own experience.

Of Victuallers.

In Times of *Sobriety*, when *Ale-houses* were as scarce as *Churches*, not above one in a Parish; when any Tradesman was undone by the *Levity* of his *Wife*, the *Disobedience* of his *Children*, by *Fire*, in either *House* or *Codpice*, or any other Losses or Crosses incident to a Man in this World; upon his humble application to the Magistrates of the Ward, or Precinct wherein he liv'd, they would Grant, or procure him to be Granted, a License to sell Ale, that he might be doing something to defend himself and his Family from being burthensome to the Parish. And being unhappily fallen into a peevish Temper, by reflecting on his Misfortunes; he was usually distinguished in his new Employment, with some of the following

ing Nick-names and Titles, as *Alderman Snarl*, *Captain Rusty*, *Sir John Tun-belly*, *Esquire Gruff*, *Doctor Grunt*, or the like; being look'd upon no other than an old *Crack'd-Fiddle*, fit for every *Merry Prattle-Box* to Play upon. Neither could the good Woman, (whose Business it was to draw the Tipple, and who kept her Shoulders warm with a piece of an old *Blanket* instead of a *Night-Rail*) avoid being new Christen'd by some Drunken Godfather or other, by the Name of *Mother Huff*, *Mother Damnable*, the *Witch of Endor*, *Dame Saucy*, *Goody Blowze*, *Gammer Tattle*, or the like. But now the World, like a Man advanc'd from *Poverty* to *Prosperity*, is so strangely alter'd, That as soon as a Tradesman has got a little Money by the Business he was bred to, observing the fluency of *Fools-pence*, the *Lordliness* of *Victuallers*, the *Laziness* of their *Lives*, the *Plenitude* of their *Purses*, and *Welfare* of their *Families*, is resolv'd to Thrive upon his Small Stock at the same Rate; and pursue the hopes and prospect of growing Rich with the same Expedition. Accordingly takes a House well situated for his purpose; where, in a few years time, behaving himself at first very humble, he breaks half his Acquaintance of his former Trade with coming to see him; Advancing himself in a little time to some petty Office of the Parish; with which he begins to Swell, and look as *Stiff* and as *Prodigal* as an *Alderman* after *Knight-hood*. From thence, in a little time, dignified with the Office and Title of *Mr. Church-Warden*; with the very Conceit of which, he is so puff'd up, That during the possession of the Church Keys, he thinks himself as great as the *Pope*; and measures a Foot more in the Waste, upon his first Entrance into this *Parochial Authority*, than he did in Seven years before he was chosen to't. His Wife must now be call'd *Madam*; his Sons, *young Masters*; and his Daughters *Misses*; and he that salutes the old *Lickspiggot* with any other Title than *Mr. Church-Warden*, runs the hazard of Paying double Taxes, besides the Forfeiture of his good Looks, Friendship, and Conversation, for as long as he lives afterwards; without Providence, by some Casualty, brings him back to his first Humility; which is to be done by no other way than *Poverty*. He now begins to leave off his Colours, and to get the print of his Apron-Strings out of his Coat; that, as he walks along the Streets, it would be a hard matter to guess at his Profession, were it not for the many Rings on his Fingers, and the Stiffness of his Gate.

His own House now is not big enough to hold him: Besides, he begins to have such an Aversion to his own Liquor, That he hates *Malt-Drink* as bad as a *Grocer* does *Plumbs*, or an *Apothecary* *Physick*. *Wine* is the only Cordial that will go down with him, which he Purchases with the Pence of those *Poor Sots* who are Gussling *Belch* at his own *Ale-house*, to maintain him at the *Tavern*. He expects great Reverence from all his little Neighbours; and will Loll against the Door-case, and swing his Bunch of little Keys half a dozen times round his Finger, before he will Answer a poor Neighbour a Civil Question. Those who were the first Instruments in procuring him a Trade, are as much out of his Memory, as a *Womans First Husband* when she's in *Bed* with a *Second*; especially if they Tick Sixpence with him, he puts on as pleasing an Aspect, as the Devil did when he look'd over *Lincoln*. If he that has spent *Fifty Pounds* in his House, asks to Borrow a *Crown* of 'im, his Wife made him swear not above three Days ago, that

he would never lend Sixpence again as long as he Liv'd or else he would have don't with all his heart. If any Person, tho' a good Customer, owes him any thing, and happens by extraordinary Business to be retarded from coming to his House as usual, there is a Verbal Hue and Cry publish'd after him presently, among all his Acquaintance that are Customers; as thus, *Pray how does Mr. Such a one do? We have not seen him this Age. I remember the time when he us'd to think mine the best Beer in the Parish; but now, I suppose, he has found out some that he likes better: Indeed I take it very unkind of him. I never gave him any occasion to leave my House, as I know on. I am sure he had always good Drink for his Money; and if he came without, I never refus'd to trust him, as my Bar-board can testify; and my Measure is as large as any Body Sells. I wonder we should lose his Company thus.* Yet other heavy-headed Dunces can sit and hear this, and not conceive they would say as much by them, were they under the like Circumstance; but sit and Guffle down six times more than does 'em good, to the *Injury* of their *Bodies*, and *Impoverishment* of their *Pockets*, to make a parcel of *peremptory ingrateful Scoundrels* their *Masters*; who with *Conduct* and good *Husbandry*, they might keep at *Staffs-end*, and force them to use that *Modesty* and *Civility* as becomes their *Servile Station*. Some few indeed there are, who having the advantage of an Education above the Employment they have taken upon 'em, know how to treat every Body with such a proportion of respect as is due to their *Quality*, or *Appearance*: Being of another mold, *Generous* and *Obliging*, and quite opposite to that *Mercenary British* Temper, with which most of 'em are possess'd, either by *Nature* or *Acquirement*: Such who have no more manners than (to use the *Hog-Grubbers* saying) that he knows no difference between a Porters two pence and a Gentlemans, ought I think to have none but Porterly-Customers; and he that knows how to bid a *Porter* give place to his Betters, deserves a good Trade from Gentlemen. There are three sorts of *Victuallers*, all differing very much from each other, according to the several Parts of the Town wherein they are situated. At *Wapping*, and that way, they Lord it over the people like a *Boatswain* over a *Ships Company*; and look as bluff upon their *Tarpaulin Guest* as a *Mate* when first made *Commander*, or a *White-Fryars Printer* over a Gang of *Ballad-Singers*. In the *City* he is hail *Fellow* well met with any of his Customers on this side a *Common-Council-man*; but to all above, he is forc'd to pay a deference, and bow as low to the *Deputy* of a *Ward*, as a *Countrey Inn-keeper* does to the *Sheriff* of a *County*. And at *Charing-Cross*, you shall find 'em so very humble and obliging for ev'ry two pence they take, that a *Gentleman Foot-Soldier*, or a *Lords Footman*, shall have as many Bows and Cringes from the Master and his Family, over the Drinking of a Pot, as a *French Dancing-Master* shall give the *Mistress* of a *Boarding-School* when she gives him half a piece for his Days Teaching. Whether it be *Poverty*, living amongst *Courtiers*, or being bred *Gentlemens Servants*, and so kick'd and Cuff'd into good Manners by their Masters, I'll leave the Reader to determine. There are scarce any of these sundry sort of *Malt-Pensioners*, (excepting some few such as aforementioned) but what if you use their Houses constantly, shall think you an intail'd Customer, and shall use

you worse and respect you less, than they shall the penurious *Niggard* that spends a Penny once in a Week, and begs a bit of Toast into the Bargain. Therefore the best Method the Reader can use to avoid the *Insolence* and *Ingratitude* of these Mungril sort of Christians, is to act pursuant to the advice of an experienc'd Toper, which is never to use any one House long; but observe this maxim, *When you find the Dog begin to wag his Tail upon you, 'tis time to seek for a new Tipling Office*; or it's Ten to one, if you have been a Customer long enough for the *Spanniel* to be acquainted with you, but you will find the *Master* grow *Slighting*, and the *Servants* *Impudent*. And since the *Vitiousness* of the Age has occasion'd every Parish to abound with such great Numbers of these morose mercenary foul fat-feeding unneighbourly *Cormorants*, I will proceed to give you a further Character of one of the *Worser* sort in Verse, which I desire the Reader to accept on, as follows.

The Character of a Common Victualler.

THE Monster that progressively is Bred,
To raise his Fortune by the Tipling Trade,
(As oft they are) should be of Spurious Race,
Begot by Chance, without the Bounds of Grace:
Born of some Lustful Wench, who could not stay
Till Fortune flung a Husband in her way;
First Drop'd, and then Preserv'd at Parish-Pay.
Or else brought up on Pack-Horse from the North,
Born there of Parents who were nothing worth;
Sent up to Town, as Thousands were before,
To Nick and Froth, and learn the Double-Score.
The Northern Sharpness in his Rural Face,
Soon recommends the Stripling to a Place;
Where, by some thriving Country-man, he's taught
To Cheat the Guest in ev'ry Quart a Draught.

Thus when a Seven-years-progress he has made,
And learn'd each Knavish Mystery of his Trade,
Some labouring Drudge with Twenty pound he meets,
Who longs to dance the Shaking of the Sheets;
With her he couples, and improves her pence,
With his own hoarded Fool's Benevolence;
Who great as Kings, when drunk do often grant,
Those Boons to Tapsters, which themselves most want.
Then takes a House, hangs up a Yorkshire Sign,
New paints the Door-case, makes the Lettice fine.

Thus enter'd, such sharp Measures does he take,
By which he Thrives whilst Twenty Tradesmen Break.
At first Industrious, as an Indian Slave,
Close, as a Miser; Cunning, as a Knave;
Humble and Fawning, as a Pedlars Cur;
And to each Cocker, answer's, Coming Sir.

His

*His Bread and Cheese he frankly does impart ;
 And ev'ry thing is done with all his heart.
 Porters are Welcome near the Fire to sit,
 And may command ; the Varlet can submit.
 Without offence Red-herrings they may broil,
 And tattle o'er their Pot a wondrous while.
 Himself can on a Neighb'ring Errand run ;
 What e'er you ask for, in a trice is done.
 If Guests desire to keep 'em up till late,
 Both without Grumbling will their leisure wait ;
 No Frowning from the Tike, or maundring from his Mate.*

*Thus are they careful to oblige at first ;
 But as they Thrive, like Currs, they grow more Curst.
 Full Cellars and full Pockets, change the Scene ;
 And make the Lout a Prince, his Drab a Queen.
 The Cobler then must at a distance keep,
 And Porters with their Hats in hand must creep.
 No Frape must hover o'er the Kitchen Fire ;
 They no such paultry Company Desire :
 Sit up, you Fellow ; move your Seat, you Clown ;
 And let my Master such a one sit down.
 Pray troop ; I keep a Publick House, 'tis true ;
 But do not light my Fires for such as you.*

*In comes a Neighbours Servant for some Ale,
 Pray dash it with a little drop of Stale :
 I've brought no Money, you must set it down :
 The Maid's thus answer'd by the Surly Clown,
 Pray tell your Master I shall draw no more,
 Until he comes, or sends to clear his Score ;
 I'd rather in my Cellar keep my Beer,
 Then send it out on Trust I know not where.
 Perhaps some Neighbouring Tradesmen next appear ;
 Where shall we be to Drink a Pot of Beer ?
 Can't we go up ? No, Marry, says the Quean ;
 None has been up Stairs, since the Room was clean.
 Here Boy the Bell, or else the Kitchen, show ;
 Good Gentlemen I'm sure have sat below.
 Nay, if we can't go up, we will not stay ;
 I'll warrant we'll find houses where we may.
 We do not want your Custom ; you mistake :
 Pray troop, one Swallow won't a Summer make.*

*Thus is the baseness of their Nature shown.
 No sooner Prosperous, but Imperious grown :
 By Wealth made Sawcy, by Misfortune Cow'd ;
 When Poor, too humble ; and if Rich, too Proud.*

Of Astrologers, and Wisewomen.

No Common Errors, Frauds, or Fallacies in the World, have so far subdued the Weaker, and consequently the Greater part of Mankind, as the *Juggles* and *Deceits* practicable in a parcel of pretending *Astrologers*; who undertake to resolve all manner of Lawful Questions, by Jumbling together those distant Bodies, in whose *Nature*, or *Influence*, they have just as much knowledge as a Countrey *Ale Woman* has of *Witchcraft*, or a German *Jugler* of *Necromancy*. In the first place, I have had an opportunity of examining several Nativities Calculated by those who have had the Reputation of being the best Artists of this Age: Wherein I have observ'd Sickness, length of Days, and all other Fortunate and Unfortunate Contingencies assign'd the Native, have been as directly opposite to what has happen'd thro' the whole Course of their Lives, as if the Fumbling *Star-groper* had rather, thro' an Aversion to *Truth*, study'd the *Rule of Contraries*, that he might always be found in the *Wrong on't*.

In the next place, Their Method in deceiving People who come to enquire about *Stolen Goods*, is such a bare-fac'd ridiculous piece of Banter, that I wonder any Creature that bears Humane shape, can be so stupidly Ignorant, as not plainly to discern the Impositions that are put upon them by their Canting *Albumazer*: Who, in the first place, enquires about what time, and after what manner the things were Lost; and what strangers they had then in the House? From whence he reasonably, infers, whether the *Spoon*, *Cup*, *Tankard*, or whatsoever it be, was taken away by a common *Thief*, or stolen by a *Servant*, or Person that uses the House, or whether conceal'd by the Master or Mistress, to make the Servants more careful. If his Conjecture be, That it was taken by a common Thief, he describes a Swarthy, Black, Ill-looking Fellow, with a down-look; or the like: Most Wisely considering, That such sort of Rogues are seldom without a Gallows in their Countenances. Telling withal, that the Goods were pawn'd and will scarcely be recoverable, without they take the Thief speedily in order to effect which, he will give them his best directions; which the Credulous *Ignoramus* desires in Writing, for fear he should forget; which the Sower-look'd *Conjurer* gives accordingly, after the following manner: *Go a Quarter of a Mile North, from your own Dwelling, and then turn Easterly, and walk forward till you come to the Sign of a large Four-Footed Beast, and Search within three or four doors of that Sign, and you will go near to take, if you go soon enough, or else hear of the Person, who is of a middle Stature and in poor Habit.* Away goes the Fool, as well satisfied with the Note, as if they had the Rogue by the Elbow; and if by any accident they do hear of the Thief, all is ascrib'd to the wonderful Cunning of their *Wizzard*: But if on the Contrary, he believes it to be taken by a Servant, or any Body that uses the House, he bids 'em hab nab at a venture, *Go Home satisfied, for they shall certainly find the Spoon, &c. in three or four days time, hid in a private hole, in such a part of the Kitchen, or he'll make the Devil to pay with those that have it; and force them to bring it in open shame and disgrace at Dinner time, and lay it down upon the Table in Sight of the whole Family.* Away goes the Person well

well satisfied with what their *Ptolomist* had told 'em; and declares to every one in the House how the Thief was threaten'd, and after what manner the Spoon should be found within the time appointed, or else woe be to them that has it. This frightful Story coming to the Ears of the Guilty, brings 'em under such dreadful Apprehensions of the *Conjurers* indignation, if they do not lay what they've taken within the time, according to his Direction; that the first opportunity they have, they will place it to the utmost exactness, in whatever Hole or Corner he has appointed for the finding it. And this is the very Reason why in such sort of cases People so oft recover things that have been missing in their Houses, according to the Doctors Directions; which the *Ignorant* look upon to be all *Devilisme* and *Conjuration*; or if the Master, or Mistress, has conceal'd any thing from their Servants, to make 'em more careful, they are also ready to observe the dictates of the Cunning Man, that the Servants may believe what was missing was really stoln, that they might be more watchful of things in their Trust, to prevent the like Mischances for the Future. So that in this particular part of their Profession, there may be something said from the consequence of it, in the Behalf of their *Wizardly* sort of Policy; it being a means oftentimes of bringing those petty Thefts to light, which would otherwise lie undiscover'd, to the prejudice of the Loser. But as to their pretended knowledge in matters beyond the View of Common Reason, it is all a *Cheat*; and I am sorry this present Age should give such Evidence of it's Weakness, as to encourage such a parcel of *Illiterate* and *Scandalous Deceivers* of the common People, to flourish and live publickly Great, by such base and unjustifiable means, as casting *Figures*, telling *Fortunes*, Selling *Charms*, or *Sigills*, or the like.

The further *Frauds* of whose Practises I shall more pleasingly detect in these following Stories, some of which I can warrant as Truths from Persons of my own Acquaintance.

There is now living a famous *Wife-woman* in *Whitechappel*, who is a great Pretendress to this *Gipsie's Art* of *Fortune-telling*, who has acquir'd such wonderful Credit and Reputation amongst Servant Wenches and poor *Ignorant* People, that she has Forty or Fifty Sixpenny-Fools every Morning to attend her, most Women; some to know when they should be *Married*; some big with Child, who had lain with so many, they wanted to be resolv'd which was the right Father; some married Women, whose Husbands were at Sea, or in Foreign Plantations, who came to know whether she could give 'em any glad Tidings of their *Deaths*, or no; some to know whether they should be prosperous in their Marriage, Voyage, or Business in hand, or not; others about Stollen Goods, and the like. An Ingenious Married Gentlewoman, having heard much of *Mother Telltroth's* Fame, and giving but little Credit to common Reports, being hard to believe that Providence had made any of her Sex so much Wiser than she should be, resolv'd to let her own experience determine, whether the Woman was a *Witch*, or that her followers were all *Fools*; and accordingly has recourse to her abode, where she thrust herself in amongst the rest of the Querists, who were thronging in, like so many Spectators, to see a devout old Woman that had hang'd herself for Religion. Every one took their turns to be resolv'd, like

C

Customers

Customers at a Chandlers; *First Come, First serv'd*; or like *Smiths* and *Coblers*; at a *Twopenny Barbers* waiting for the Chair: At last it came to the Gentlewoman's turn to apply herself to the Oracle; and drawing near to the Elbow Chair of Infallibility, she gave a low Court'sie, as a Type of her Ignorance, as well as submission; and told her the chief of her Business was to be satisfied when Providence would Bless her with a Husband: The most knowing Prophetess, after she had Ogl'd and Examin'd her Physiognomy, with a very penetrating Circumspection, the Lady keeping her Countenance, she told her the Man was yet unknown to her which she should very certainly Marry within a few Weeks, by whom she should have three Children; and then Bury him, and Marry a Second Time soon after, very much to her Advantage as well as Satisfaction; and should live very comfortably with him to so great an Age, that she should be forc'd to walk with a Stick. *Sure Forsooth*, says the Gentlewoman, *you must deal with the Devil, or how should you know all this?* Indeed, Child, replied the Sorceress, thou art mistaken; what I tell thee is purely from my Art. No, No, says the Querist, *it must be certainly from the Devil; for he's the only Father of Lies, and I'll swear, you han't told me one word of truth yet, for I have had a Husband this Nine years, and have Seven Children by him, all Living at this present: Therefore your Art, Forsooth, at this time has wonderfully fail'd you.* Pray, says the old Gipsy, let me see your hand once more. Upon a review of which, says she, I see I was mistaken; for I find now thou hast a Husband, but he's such a very little one, that 'tis as much as ever I can do to discern his Significator in thy Palm. In which particular she happen'd to guess right, for her Husband was a very little Man; which put the Lady into an Extravagant fit of Laughter: Who being well pleas'd with the cunning of the Old *Baggage*, went away confirm'd in her opinion, That there was nothing in her pretended Skill, but meer Guess and Subtility.

A Country Gentleman not long since being in Town, happen'd to be strangely infatuated with an opinion of *Astrology*; and resolving to venture some Money at the *Royal Oak Lottery*, had recourse to a Famous old *Planet Juggler*, giving him a Guinea to assign him a Lucky hour for his purpose aforementioned: Who, according to their accustomary way of Cozening, erected a Scheme, and after he had made himself half pur-blind, by poring upon his Jimcrack, and Jumbling together a parcel of Figures to amaze the Querist, he positively prefixes a certain time wherein he should be Fortunate. The Gentleman pursuant to the *Star-groppers* directions, puts Twenty Guineas into his Pocket, and away he goes to attack the *Devils Treasury*; where, according to his Oracles Prediction, he met with such great Success, that he brought off a Hundred pound of the *Oak's* Money; returns to his Conjuror with a full assurance of breaking the Lottery in a little time; presents the old Fox with ten Guineas, and desir'd he would consider of another Time wherein he might again be Fortunate; the old Shark very greedily swallow'd the Golden Bait; and made him large promises what the Stars should do for him; bidding him call again about Two or Three days hence, and he should have time to be more exact in his Calculation. The Gentleman goes home wonderfully pleas'd: and returns to his Prophet *Bubble-Blockhead* according to appointment, who prefixes him another Night, wherein he should be surely prosperous.

rous. Away goes the Gentleman a Second time; flush'd with an assurance of the Golden Fleece; but had not been long at Play, but his Stars by their Retrogradation brought him under a Necessity of sending his Man home for more Money; which he was forc'd to repeat two or three times before the *Oak* shut up; That for the Hundred pound he had won, he had now lost Two; and began to be as angry with the Heavens and the Stars, as a young *Poet* that had lost his Mistress. Going back to his Deceitful *Ptolomy* in a wonderful Rage; telling him he and his Stars were a couple of Lying Confederates; And for ever after became as great an Enemy to *Astrology*, as a *School-Boy* is to a Birch-rod after a sound flogging.

The Third Story I shall entertain you with, tho' it be somewhat staler than the former, yet being applicable to my purpose; I think it may be admitted without exception, (*viz.*) On *Southwark*-side there liv'd a famous Student in those two fraternal Sciences, *Physick* and *Astrology*; who to deceive people with more facility and assurance, had several Bells Plac'd in his Study above Stairs, the Ropes of which hung down the well of a dark Staircase, one signifying Lost Sheep, another Cloaths stole off the Hedge, another stray'd or stolen Horses; which were the chief things people had recourse to him about: So that a Man who attended the Door, us'd first to sift 'em what they came about; and so at once rung for the Doctor and dispatch'd intelligence at the same instant.

It happen'd once that a *Butcher* having lost some Sheep out of the Neighbouring Marshes, came to request a cast of the Doctors Office, believing he could put him in a way of recovering his straid Weathers. Accordingly goes to his House, where at his first Entrance, the Servant ask'd him his Business, who readily without mistrust, told the Fellow his mischance; who bid him not be dismay'd, for the Doctor without doubt would do him Service in the matter. *He's a little busy,* says he, *in his Study, but however I'll venture to Ring for him;* and tingles the Sheep-Bell, upon which down comes the Doctor, having put on his *Fur-Cap* and conjuring Countenance, that half frighted the poor *Sheep-biter*. At his first Appearance, *How, now, Friend,* says he, *I'll warrant you have lost some Sheep, and you want me to give you tidings of 'em.* Yes, Noble Doctor, says the Fellow. Come, says the Doctor, walk into my Parlour, and I'll endeavour to give you Satisfaction. The *Butcher* follows the Doctor, and happen'd to have with him a *Bull-Dog*, who crept under one of the Chairs, that no body minded him, the Servant according to Custom in such matters, had recourse to his Wardrobe of *Shapes*, and dress'd himself up in a *Bulls-hide*, waiting his Masters Conjuring *Romile*, to summons him to appear. The Doctor after he had talk'd a little with the Butcher about the business in hand, bid him besure to sit still and not be frighted at any thing he saw; for nothing should hurt him; and after he had made a large Circle, he gives the Devil his Cue to make his terrible Entrance; the Butchers Dog being of a true *Bear-garden* breed, seeing the appearance of a Bull, makes a fair run, seizes the Doctor's Familiar, and makes him roar like what he represented; the Conjuror rising in a great Passion, *Ounds, what dy'e mean? Take off your Dog, you Rogue; take off your Dog.* The Butcher Smoaking the

the Cheat, Not I, by my troth, Doctor; I know he's as good as ever Run;
 Let 'em fight fair, Doctor: If you'll venture your Devil, I'll venture my Dog:
 That never was poor Devil so mauld by a Hell-hound in this World
 before. The Doctor being glad to pay the Fellow for his Sheep, to
 lock up his Tongue from dispersing the detection.

Pursuant to the Method I propose, I shall also conclude this and every distinct Trade, or Profession, with a short Character in Verse.

Of a Cunning-Man.

P OOR Taylors, Weavers, Shooe-makers, and such,
 Little in Trade, and think they know too much,
 Are the chief Senseless Bigots that advance
 A Foolish Whim to further Ignorance;
 Bouy'd up by Chance-Success, would things fore-know;
 Aim to be wise, and still more foolish grow;
 Peep twenty years at Stars, at Sun and Moon,
 And prove themselves but Idiots when they've done.
 Then finding by Experience they are lost,
 In that True Knowledge which they fain would boast,
 They draw in Fools to pay for th' Time their Study Cost.
 All their whole Art consists in Barren Words,
 Meer Sound, but no true Argument affords;
 On a faint shadow do they all rely;
 What few believe, and none can justify.
 Mars, by Heroick Actions, got a Name;
 Venus, by Beauty, and her Whoredom, Shame;
 Mercury, for Speed was famous, and for Theft,
 And now most bad when by himself he's left:
 Good, if well mix'd, like Hair amongst the Loom;
 If not, he's fatal to the Native's Doom:
 So to the rest such influence they ascribe,
 As we, they say, by Nature's course imbibe.
 'Tis true, the Persons whence the Name's deriv'd,
 Were Whores, and Thieves, and Heroes, whilst they liv'd,
 But these bright Planets, which surround the Earth,
 Had the same Force and Pow'r before their birth:
 E'er they were Christen'd, they were still the same,
 At first a part o'th' Universal Frame,
 And do no influence borrow from an empty Name.
 Mars can no Heroe by his Aspect make,
 Nor Venus force a Virgin to forsake
 Her Vertue; nor can Mercury prevail
 On happy unstain'd Innocence, to steal:
 No, no, 'tis Education make us fit
 To Virtuous Live, or to base means submit.
 All their pretended Impulse is a Quacking Cheat.
 Only upheld by Knaves, believ'd by Fools;
 The first the Workmen, and the last their Tools;
 All their Pretences are but empty show,
 Wise would they seem, but still they nothing know.

Instead

*Instead of Reason, which all Art defines,
 Their Brains are fill'd with Planets, Orbs, and Signs:
 Their Knowledge little, their gray Hairs but green;
 Their Learning less, and their Profession mean:
 Their Conversation dull; each senseless word,
 Is humbly paid to some Ascendant Lord:
 A Globe's their Sign; in Alleys do they dwell;
 And tho Fools think they've Conference with Hell,
 To all things know, yet little Truth can tell.*

A Modern Reformer of Vice: 'Or, A Reforming Constable,

Is a Man most commonly of a very Scandalous Necessity, who has no way left, but *Pimp* like, to Live upon other Peoples *Debaucheries*. Every Night he goes to Bed, he prays heartily that the World may grow more *Wicked*; for one and the same Interest serves him and the Devil. He always walks Arm'd with a Staff of Authority, Seal'd with the Royal Arms; and all Wise People think the fellow that carries it a great *Blot* in the *Scutchion*. He searches a *Bawdy-house*, as a *Church-Warden* does an *Ale-house*, not to punish *Vice*, but to get Money. He squeezes *Whores* as a *Thief-Catcher* does *Highway-Men*, takes from 'em the Fruits of their Iniquities; making them twice as wicked as they would be, by putting them upon fresh *Villanies* to keep themselves from Starving. He brings no Woman to punishment for her *Ill-Courses* but for want of Money; and she that Whores for Pleasure more than Profit, is sure ofteneft to be Whipt for't. They are a sort of unlucky Bird-Catchers, and every naughty House their Net; the Whores their *Decoy-Birds*, that allure others into their Trap, and are freed themselves from that danger they have brought the Innocent into. They are the only Encouragers of what they pretend to suppress; Protecting those People, for Bribes, which they should Punish; Well knowing each Bawdy House they break is a Weekly Stipend out of their own Pockets. Meet 'em when you will, you shall never find any one in their Custody above a *Flat-cap*, or a *Cinder-wench*; who because their Rags won't pawn for a Dozen of Drink, must be made an example of. She that has the prudence to Whore with half a Crown in her Pocket, may Sin on without danger, whilst the poor needy Wag-tail must be cautious how she kisses at Ill Hours, in Ill Houses, or in Ill Company, lest she be carried to *Bridewell*; where instead of being Reclaimed, she is harden'd, by her indelible shame, in her Miserable state of Wickedness. The only good they've done, they've put a sort of Socket-Money upon Whoring; and themselves are the Collectors of the Tax: By which Reason the price of *Venerie* is advanc'd, which makes it the more practised; for the cheapness of a Commodity always throws it out of Fashion; and things easily purchas'd, are very seldom minded. Of all people I know, I think their Employment is most like the Dog-whippers of a Church, whose business is to watch the Tails of every Proud Bitch and Lascivious Puppy, from committing an indecency; They are Wicked Servants to a pious Society, who have undertaken to insure the Nation from Vice; and their Business is to run up and down Town to Quench Peoples Lust, as the Steel-cap Salamanders do to extinguish Fires.

The Suppressing of *Vice*, and Reforming of *Manners*, is, in the Society, a most commendable Undertaking; But, except they take care to regulate their Officers, and prevent the daily Abuses they commit, which are every where complained of; I fear the Ill management of their Mercenary People imployed, will be an injury to their Project, and bring a very good Design under a great Disreputation, and hinder many Persons from giving Encouragement to that Noble Work, which they would otherwise think worthy of their Assistance: But whilst a parcel of Loose Fellows, and self-serving Profligates, are imployed to search after, and detect those who are scarce worse than themselves, it is reasonable to believe the *Innocent* will be often injur'd; and the Wicked practices of vitious Persons conceal'd from the Magistrates, who have a Will they should be brought to light, and a Power to punish 'em, did not *Bribery* to inferiour Officers Protect 'em in their Lewdness; who make it their Business not so much to suppress base Women, and those Sanctuaries they now daily act their *Vices* in with security, as they do to go Snacks with those infamous Bel-dams, who make it their Lively-hood to Encourage and Shelter Mercenary Strumpets in their Wickedness, and preserve 'em from the punishment of the Laws, which they would otherwise more commonly fall under. There are many imploy'd, who are of Scandalous Fortunes, and desperate Characters; who are very conversant with, and Protect the very *Libertines* they should bring to Punishment; Who undertake their Office thro no good Principle, but only thro a Mercenary End of Twelve Shillings a Week Sallary, whose Consciences are so corrupt, that for Twelve more, they would upon occasion, Swear they heard the *Dumb-man* in the *Red-cap* swear Fifty Oaths, and that they see the *Sober Gentleman* that drinks nothing but *Water-Gruel*, as Drunk as ever they see a Foot-Soldier in a *Bawdy-House*, or a Porter in a *Brandy-Shop*. I cannot forbear taking Notice of a poor Fellows saying, as I was passing along the Street; *I'll warrant, says he, they thought they had much reform'd my Manners, when they made me pay a Shilling for an Oath, when I had never another in the World; but Ifack, I was pretty even with them, for I went home, and telling my Wife what had happen'd; we set foot to foot, and curs'd the Constable for Two Hours by the Clock, and that was our Satisfaction for going Supperless to Bed.*

Vice, 'tis true, is grown to a Great and Lamentable Pitch in this Wicked Age we live in; but whilst a parcel of Loose and Mercenary Fellows are continued in Office, who are as Wicked and Prophane themselves, as the Profligate Wretch they look after, there will appear, I doubt, but slender signs of a Reformation. Of such sort of Constables or Informers as these, there being many imploy'd about this Town, I shall proceed to give you a further Character in Verse.

Informing Constables, and other Informers,

DO most thro' Int'rest, and but few thro' Zeal,
Betwixt the Laws, and the Offender deal.
Poor Sinners may their Persecution fear,
As Cozening Bakers do a strict Lord-Mayor.

But

But the Gay Curtezan, who Trades for Gold,
 That can but grease a Palm, when she's in hold,
 No Justice need she dread, or Bridewel fear;
 But without danger Sin from Year to Year.
 Or need the Money'd Libertine e'er see
 The Awful Brows of Stern Authoritie:
 But Drink and Swear, till weary of his Vice,
 Would he Sin on at an Informers Price:
 Who choose their Pious Office for its gain,
 To dwell upon the Sins of other Men:
 Not with a good intent, to Vice reclaim,
 Or bring Offenders into open shame.
 Few do we see that are Examples made,
 But the poor Strampet or the starving Blade;
 Who wanting Money, do the Scourge endure;
 Not punish'd for their Vice, but being Poor.

Vice deserves Publick Punishment, 'tis true;
 But those that live upon the Ills I do,
 And on my Failings for their Bread rely,
 Do what good Morals cannot justify.
 If the poor Harlot shall her Soul betray
 For Money, which Informers take away,
 To let her go, it is the Worlds belief,
 Th' Receiver's full as guilty as the Thief.

If I by chance am Drunk, or should I Swear,
 The Man that does against me Witness bear,
 Purely to share the Money in my Purse,
 I'm bad 'tis true, but such a Knave is worse:
 If what he does, is with a true intent,
 Of bringing Vice to Shame and Punishment,
 And well considers if himself be free.
 From all those failings he condemns in me:
 If not, 'tis not true Zeal, but Impudence,
 For him t' accuse th' Offendor of Offence;
 The Hangman more may say in his Defence.
 Those Vermin who for Interest do engage,
 To dabble in the Vices of the Age;
 By subtle means draw silly Creatures in,
 And Devil-like, first Tempt 'em to the Sin:
 No sooner gain'd the Wanton Dames consent,
 But Drag the Wretch away to Punishment;
 Lest she has Money, or if none, agree
 To pawn her Cloaths to purchase Liberty.
 Such are the Scum that do the Town infect,
 Much worse than those they're hired to detect:
 Some loose Shabroons in Bawdy-Houses bred,
 By Others Vices like their Own are Fed.
 A Scoundrel Crew, that o'er the City swarm,
 Who by false Accusations do more harm

To Guiltless Persons, fearful to dispute,
 Than all the sorry Filts they persecute.
 If heedless Youth in an Ill-house they find,
 Drop'd in as strangers, and no Ill design'd,
 Void of Offence, yet bribe to be let go,
 Fearing their Masters or their Friends should know:
 What is it less in him that takes the Fee,
 Then picking Pockets by Authoritie?
 What Moral Zealot Justly can afford,
 To Mercenary Shammocks one good Word,
 Who live by filthy means, like Flies upon a T--d.

Comical Accidents and Occurrences,

A West-Country Graiers Son, coming up with some of his Fathers Cattle, and being a Stranger in the Town, happening to straggle cross *Smith-field*, from his Inn, to Drink a Cup of Ale at a Townsmans House, sat so Long, and so Late, that he had made himself Pot Valiant with his Countrymans Liquor; and instead of Crossing the Rounds to his Lodging, did, for want of a Guide, Stagger down *Hosier-Lane*; and unhappily follow'd his Nose down *Snow-Hill*, till he came to the *Ditch-side*, where feeling the Rails he thought in the Dark, he had been at the Rounds in *Smith-field*, and spending some time in groping for a Place to go thro: At last breaks out in a Passion, *Ads-heartly-wounds, I think the Devils run away with the Turnpike. I believe I mun be forc'd to Skip over at last: And accordingly lays his Hand on the Railes, and over he Jumps into the Ditch; but by good Fortune fell into a Lighter of Coles, where getting but little harm, according to the old Proverb, he gets upon his Legs, and began to Rave like a Bedlamite. A Pax take you for a Pack of Lonjon Rauges, d'ye leave apen your Trap Doors to catch Country Vaulk in your Cellars? Then flinging about the Coles, cry'd, Ads-heart either let me out of your Cole-hole, or I'll break all thy Windows and Thump and Veaz thee, and make thee Vart again, Vor a Vity Voul Veason thou*

The Weavers have already received such Encouragement from the great hopes they have of the *Bill's* being past, for the prohibition of all wrought Silks, and Calicoes from *India*, that for this week past, they have Solemnly protested, notwithstanding it is Lent, against Eat-of Stale Sprats, Rotten Red-Herrings, and the Cuttings of Salt-Fish; and are already advanc'd to the buying of *Bullocks Pettitoes, Napper Nulls, Grun-ters Muns*, and the like. Nay, further, it was observ'd last Market-day, that an Eminent Master of the Shuttle in *Spittle-Fields*, who has not above Twelve in Family, bought in *Norton Folgate* a stone and a half of good *Cow-Beef*, to the great wonder and amazement of the Butcher: So that it is generally believ'd on all Hands, if the *East-India* Company puts not a Spoke in their Cart, they will shift off their Poverty in a little time, which they have long groan'd under, and will to the whole Nations Satisfaction, as well as their Own Happiness, be seen in a Flourishing Condition.

F I N I S.